

6

A

P O E M,

S A C R E D to the Glorious
M E M O R Y

Of our L A T E
Most Gracious S O V E R E I G N L O R D
King G E O R G E.

Inscribed to the
R I G H T H O N O U R A B L E
George Dodington, Esq;

By R I C H A R D S A V A G E, Son of the
late Earl R I V E R S.

D U B L I N:
Printed by S. P O W E L L, for G. R I S K,
G. E W I N G and W. S M I T H, Booksellers,
in *Dame's-street*, M D C C X X V I I.

h
ons

A

P
O
L
I
T
I
C
A
L
S
C
A
P
T
U
R
E

M
E
M
O
I
R

K
E
Y
T
O
T
H
E



W
H
O
L
E
S
A
L
E

D
V
B
L
I
N
G
P
O
W
E
R
F
O
R
G
O
V
E
R
N
M
E
N
T
A
N
D
W
I
S
E
M
A
N
S
G
E
O
F
T
H
E
A
R
T
S
A
N
D
M
O
R
A
L
S
M
D
C
C
X
V
I
I



A

P O E M, &c,



E T gaudy *Mirth*, to the blithe Carrol-song,
In loose light-measur'd Numbers dance
along;

Thou, *Muse* no flow'ry Fancies here display,

Nor warble with the chearful *Lark* thy Lay.

In the dark Cypress Grove, or moss-grown Cell,

Where dreary *Ravens* haunt, would *Sorrow* dwell!

Where *Ghosts*, that shun the Day, come sweeping by,

Or fix in melancholy *Frenzy's* Eye;

Yet now she turns her Flight to Scenes of State,

Where *Wealth* and *Grandeur* weep the Frowns of Fate!

Wealth, Want, Rank, Power, here each alike partakes,

As the Shrub bends, the lofty Cedar shakes;

To her wide View is no Contraction known,

'Tis Youth, 'tis Age, the Cottage and the Throne.

O *Exclamation* ! lend thy sad Relief !
 O *Dodington* ! indulge the righteous Grief !
 Distant, I've long beheld, in *Thee*, transcend
 The Poet, Patron, Patriot, and the Friend.
 Thou, who must live in *Truth*'s remotest Page,
 Form'd to delight, and dignify an Age;
 Whose Words, whose Manners, and whose Mind declare,
 Each Grace, each Moral, and each Muse are there ;
 Accept this Po'esy, void of venal Aim,
 Made sacred by thy *Royal Master*'s Name.

But why, O *Muse* ! are songful-Hours thy Choice ?
 Lost is the Life, whose Glory lifts thy Voice !
 GEORGE is no more ! As at the doomful sound
 Of the last Trump, all *Nature* feels the Wound !
 Each private, each distinguish'd *Virtue* bleeds !
 And what but *Lamentation* long succeeds ?
 Where wilt thou then for apt Allusions fly ?
 What Eloquence can throbbing Grief supply ?

Late, golden *Pleasures* urg'd their shining Way,
 With GEORGE they flourish'd, and with GEORGE decay !
 Now dusky *Woes*, o'er varied Scenes extend,
 Groans rise ! Rocks echo ! and chill Damps descend !
 Grief strikes my View with ever-weeping Eyes,
 At her wan Look, each lively *Fancy* dies.
 In fear, in hope, dull rest, or ruffling Storms,
 Thus *Wee* besets us, tho in various Forms !

That

That dire Event of Youth's ungovern'd Rage!
 That dear-bought Knowledge to declining Age!
 In *Want*, in *Scorn*, it haunts an humble State,
 'Tis *Care*, 'tis *Envy*, to perplex the Great!
 A Kingdom's Curse, it in *Dissention* brings;
 Or heavier falls, when falls the best of Kings!
 Worth it exalts, when aiming to debase;
 'Tis Virtue's Triumph, or 'tis Guilt's Disgrace!
 It humbles Life, yet dignifies our End;
 Reflection's Torment, yet Reflection's Friend!
 Then let the *Muse* her meaning Notes resume,
 And pay due Sorrows to the hallow'd Tomb.

Was there a Glory, yet to Greatness known,
 That not in *Brunswick's* Soul superiour shone?
 Ill fare the *Man*, who, rob'd in purple Pride,
 To wounded *Worth* has no Relief apply'd!
Benevolence makes Pow'r to *Prudence* dear,
 When *Pity* weeps, what Pearl excells the Tear?
 When not one *Virtue* glows to bless Mankind,
 When *Pride's* cold Influence petrifies the Mind;
 Let the *Prince* blaze with Jems!—in *Wisdom's* View,
 An Emblem of the Rock, where once they grew!
 Yet Springs gush out, to prove ev'n Rocks can flow
 In Rills refreshful to the Vales below.
 Why has he pow'r, and why no heart to chear,
 Unseeing Eyes, and Ears that will not hear?

Swift,

Swift, as his Bliss, shall his light Name decay,
 Who, self-indulgent, *sports* his Hours away!
 But, Oh!—what Love, what Honour shall he claim,
 Whose Joy is Bounty, and whose Gift is Fame?
 He (truly Great!) his useful Pow'r refines,
 By him discover'd *Worth* exalted shines;
 Exalted *Worth*, th' enlivening Act, repeats,
 And draws *new Virtues* from obscure Retreats;
 He, as the first, creative Influence, prais'd,
 Smiles o'er the *Beings*, which his Bounty rais'd.
 Such *Dodington*, thy Royal Master shin'd,
 Such Thou, the Image of thy *Monarch's* Mind.

Nations were ballanc'd by his guardian Skill,
 Like the pois'd *Planets* by the all-powerful Will.
 Mark the *Swede* succour'd! mark th' aspiring C Z A R!
 Check'd are his Hopes, and shun'd the naval War.
 By G E O R G E the *Austrian Eagle* learns to tower,
 While the proud *Turk* shakes conscious of her Power;
 But when her Menace braves our envied Shore,
 She trembles at the *British Lyon's* Roar;
 Trembles, tho' aided by the Force of *Spain*,
 And *India's* Wealth!—'gainst *Brunswick*, All how vain?
 He bad *thy* Honour, *Albion*, foremost shine!
 His was the Care, unmeasur'd Bliss was Thine!
 Yet oft against his Virtue *Faction* rose!
 An *Angel*, if *thy* Monarch, would have Foes.

Come

Come *Charity*, First-born of *Virtue's* Line!
 Come meek-ey'd *Mercy* from the Seat divine!
 Pure *Temp'rance*, Mistress of a tranquil Mind,
 By whom each sensual *Passion* stands confin'd!
 Fix'd *Fortitude*, from whom fierce *Peril* flies!
 By whom (O Soul of Action!) Empires rise!
 Fair *Justice*, Author of a Godlike Reign!
Peace, *Plenty*, *Liberty* adorn thy Train!
 Lov'd *Prudence*! Queen of Virtues! blissful Dame!
 Parent, and Guide of each illustrious Aim!
 From whose firm Step *Confusion* turns in Flight,
 That shapeless Spawn of *Anarchy* and *Night*!
 From whom kind *Harmony* deduc'd her Race,
 Then *Order*, all in one united Grace!
 And thou *Religion*! truest, heav'nly Friend!
 Whom *these* alone establish, *These* defend!
 Assemble to the wailing Muse's call!
 Weep o'er the clay-cold Breast, that held you *All*!
 O *Death*, rouse all those *Terrors* to thy Aid,
 Weak *Fear*, or wisest *Valour* won'd evade!
 Whether foul *Pestilence* in dire Array,
 Red *War*, or pale-ey'd *Famine* point your Way,
 What can you more than Kingdoms overthrow?
 What aim'd you less, when *Brunswick* felt the Blow?
 But mark! — AUGUSTUS, still above thy Rage,
 Steps forth to give a second GOLDEN AGE.

Ye great *Plantagenets*! distinguish'd Race!
 One greater meets you on celestial Space.
 And thou, *Nassau* the fairest noblest Name!
 Ev'n mid the Blest, superior still thy Flame!
 Behold an *Equal* now! — How dear th' Embrace!
 Oh, fly! — present him at the Throne of Grace!
 'Tis done! — He's crown'd with a resplendent Joy,
 Which Care shall never dim, nor Time destroy.

See! — from yon golden Cloud, amidst a Band
 Of Angel-Pow'rs, once *Patriots* of the Land,
 Soft-leaning o'er *Britania's* weeping Isle,
 And shedding sweet, a fond, paternal Smile;
 Pointing, the visionary *Seraph* cries,
 Suspend thy Tears! — Behold a Sov'reign rise,
 Thy *Second GEORGE*! whose Reign shall soon disclose
 All that mine gave, and Heav'n, in Grace bestows.

He said. — Again, with Majesty refin'd,
 Up-wing'd to Realms of Bliss, th' *Ætherial Mind*.

FINIS.